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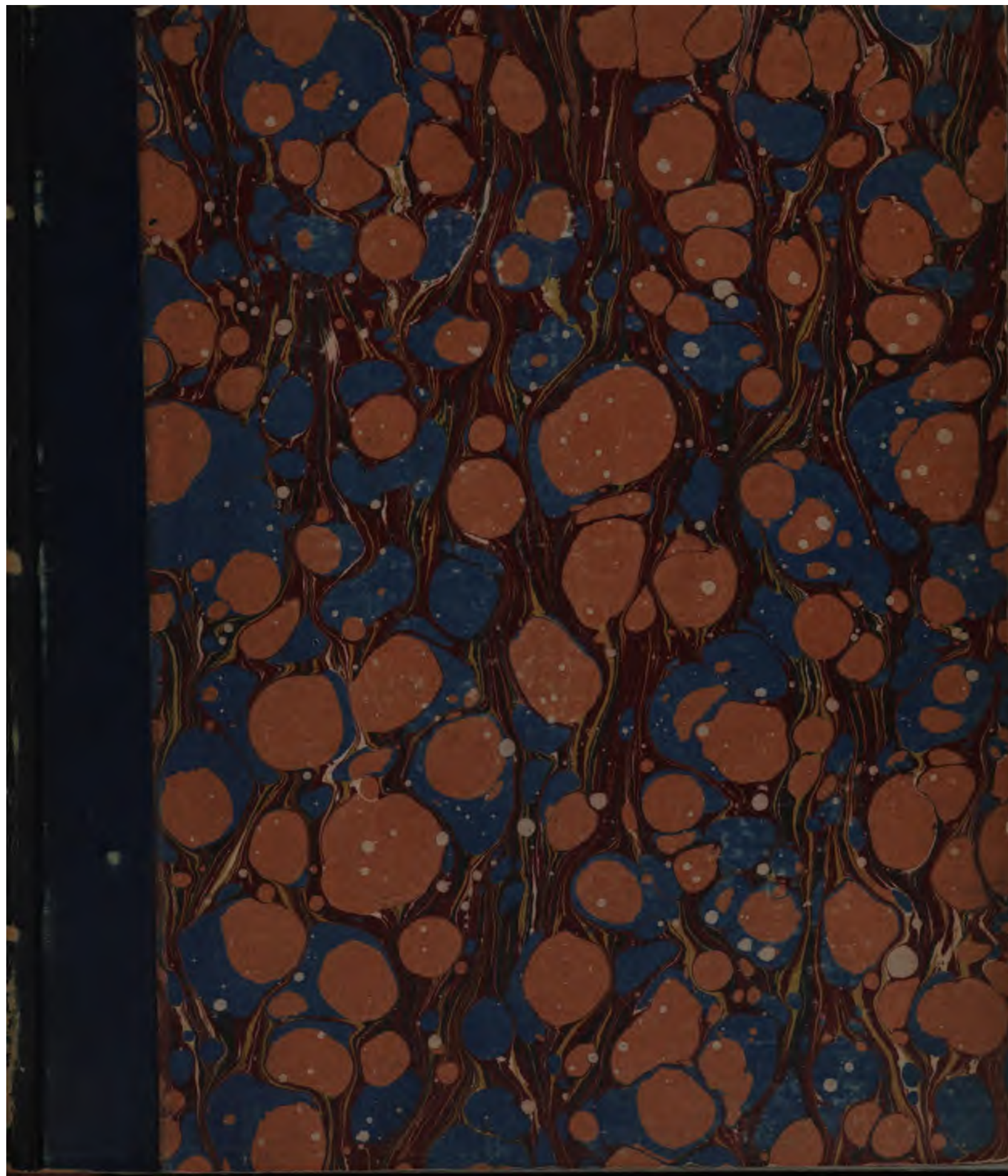
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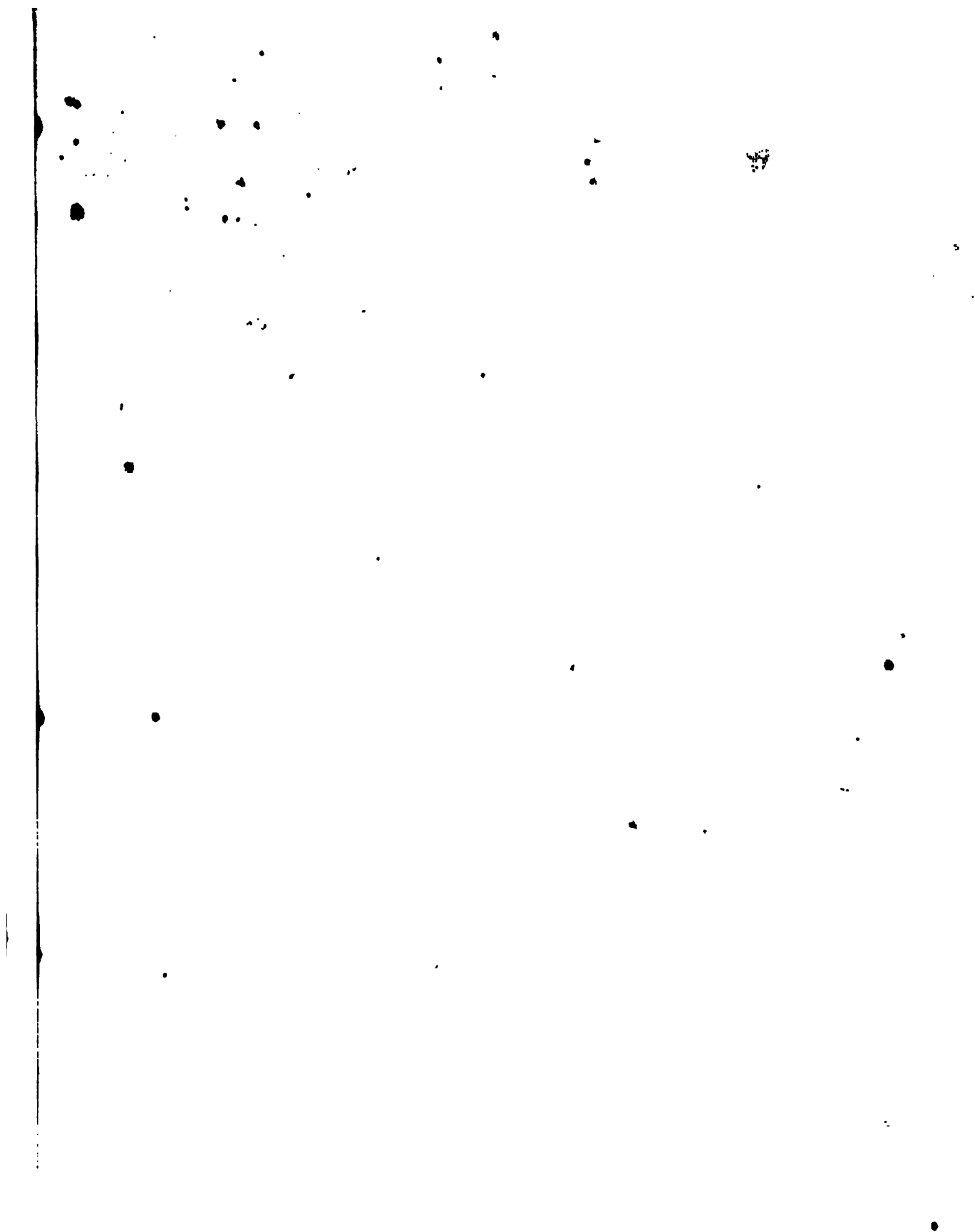




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# THE LOVE OF GAIN:

*A P O E M.*

IMITATED FROM THE THIRTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

---

Oh! thou sweet King-killer, and dear Divorce  
'Twixt natural Son and Sire! thou bright Defiler  
Of Hymen's purest Bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever-loved, fresh, young, and delicate Wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap!                      SHAKESPEARE.

---

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.  
AUTHOR OF THE MONK, CASTLE-SPECTRE, ETC.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

1799.

280. l. 151.



TO  
THE HONOURABLE  
CHARLES JAMES FOX,

THE following Lines are respectfully inscribed,  
as a trifling Mark of the Veneration in which I hold  
his Talents and Character, and which his present  
Retirement from Public Life gives me an Opportunity  
thus to declare without running the Hazard of sub-  
jecting myself to Party Censure.

M. G. LEWIS.

*January 28th, 1799.*



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1

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THE LOVE OF GAIN.

---

JUVENAL.

---

SATIRE THE THIRTEENTH.

---

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1. **E**xemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi  
Displicet auctori. Prima est hæc ultio, quod, se  
Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis  
Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urna.

( 3 )

## THE LOVE OF GAIN.

---

EMILIUS—THE AUTHOR.

THE AUTHOR.

THOUGH oft the heart, when raging passions storm,  
To Vice we kneel, and fain would veil her form,  
Her native darkness ever mocks disguise,  
And crimes look foul, e'en in their author's eyes.  
Here the first mark of heav'nly vengeance view ;  
Vice, false to others, to herself is true !  
When the pack'd jury, and the quibbled flaw  
Delude the eye, and lame the arm of law ;  
When Erskine's wit the culprit-client saves,  
And fraud unscourged offended justice braves ;  
Still is the wretch in private doom'd to hear  
From his own heart a verdict more severe.

10

5. Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti  
 De scelere, & fidei violatæ crimine? sed nec  
 Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris  
 Jacturæ te mergat onus : nec rara videmus,  
 Quæ pateris. Casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam  
 Tritus, & è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.  
 Ponamus nimios gemitus : flagrantior æquo  
 Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.  
 Tu, quamvis levium minimam, exiguamque malorum  
 Particulam vix ferre potes, spumantibus ardens  
 Visceribus, sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus  
 Depositum. Stupet hæc, qui jam post terga reliquit  
 Sexaginta annos, Fontejo Consule natus?  
 An nihil in melius tot rerum proficit usu?

There dwells a judge, whose voice no bribe can pay,  
 No party silence, and no flattery sway ;  
 The finner shrinks, before himself arraign'd,  
 And almost sorrows, that his cause is gain'd.

Nor does his guilt himself alone disgust ;  
 The world condemns, for here the world is just :  
 Unpunish'd crimes still shock the public ear,  
 And crimes unpunish'd doubly foul appear. 20

Then why, Emilius, thus in furious strain  
 Of broken faith, and laws corrupt complain ?  
 Less warmth, my testy friend ; more justly sound  
 Your injury's depth, nor call your scratch a wound.  
 With plenteous store by Fortune's bounty blest,  
 Of bonds, and stock, and fertile lands possess,  
 Your loss is trifling, and so trite your case,  
 Scarce in the public prints 'twill find a place.  
 While, then, we mark your breast with passion rise,  
 Your trembling lips, clench'd hands, and flashing eyes, 30  
 When ask'd the cause, how poor the answer sounds,  
 " A friend is false ! I've lost a thousand pounds."—

Magna quidem, sacris quæ dat præcepta libellis,  
Victrix Fortunæ Sapientia. Ducimus autem  
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,  
Nec jactare jugum vitæ didicere magistrâ,

23. Quæ tam festa dies, ut cesset prodere furem,  
Perfidiam, fraudes, atque omne ex crimine lucrum  
Quæsitum, et partos gladio, vel pyxide nummos?  
Rari quippe boni : numerus vix est totidem, quot  
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.  
Nona ætas agitur, pejoraque secula ferri

A friend is false? Does that amaze the eye  
 Which lately saw its sixtieth year go by?  
 Has age then bleach'd your raven locks in vain,  
 Impair'd your limbs, and not matur'd your brain?  
 Oh! mourn your drops no more: with tears lament  
 Your mind unfurnish'd, and your time mispent.  
 Blest is the man, whom philosophic lore  
 Beyond proud Fortune's reach has taught to soar; 40  
 Who, when she frowns, her falsehood not reviles,  
 Nor boasts her favour when the harlot smiles.  
 Nor him less happy count, whose years have bought  
 Precious experience, and deep-searching thought,  
 Wisdom to know all bliss is insecure,  
 Courage to hope, and patience to endure.

Say, loud complainant, does the rolling year  
 Present one day from fraud or knavery clear,  
 Whose spotless White no thefts, no murders stain,  
 Writing in blood man's damning lust for gain? 50  
 In vain you search:—yet still the search pursue,  
 Examine men, and find of good how few!



Temporibus : quorum sceleri non invenit ipsa  
Nomen, & à nullo posuit Natura metallo.

31. Nos hominum Divûmque fidem clamore ciemus,  
Quanto Fæsidium laudat vocalis agentem  
Sportula.

33. Dic senior bullâ dignissime, nescis,  
Quas habeat Veneres aliena pecunia? nescis,

So few, alas ! that if that guilt to fly  
 Which daily, hourly, here disgusts the eye,  
 The just resolv'd to leave the British strand,  
 And seek some distant less polluted land,  
 The whole fair troop away with ease might bear  
 My lord-mayor's barge, and still have room to spare.  
 Now let the iron age no more be blam'd;  
 Blest should its memory be, when ours is nam'd, 60  
 For which no bard can find in nature's page  
 So base a metal as would mark the age !

Yet though ourselves still sin, not less we blame  
 Our neighbour's sin, and, when *he* errs, exclaim  
 Louder than fishwives scold, or asses bray,  
 Or Vapid puffs his own dry dull damn'd play !  
 All-hail, mouth-virtue ! at your altar bend  
 Each canting hypocrite, and perjur'd friend ;  
 Spare Lovegold fees his household god in you,  
 Who cost no fixpence, and who seem Peru ! 70

Boy-witted Elder ! must thou still be told,  
 No forcerer's spell can witch an heart like gold ?

Quem tua simplicitas risum vulgo moveat, cum  
Exigis à quoquam, ne pejeret : & putet ullis  
Effe aliquod numen templis, aræque rubenti ?  
Quondam hoc Indigenæ vivebant more, prius quam  
Sumeret agrestem posito diademate falcem  
Saturnus fugiens. Tunc, cum virguncula Juno,  
Et privatus adhuc Idæis Jupiter antris.

60. Nunc, si depositum non inficietur amicus,  
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,  
Prodigiosa fides, & Tuscis digna libellis,  
Quæque coronatâ lustrari debeat agnâ.

64. Egregium, sanctumque virum si cerno, binembri  
Hoc monstrum puero, vel mirandis sub aratro  
Piscibus inventis, & foetæ comparo mulæ.

That in each guinea conqu'ring Cupids swarm,  
 And Venus less than good King George can charm ?  
 Hear you not, how the rude but wiser crowd  
 Mock your simplicity with laughter loud,  
 When raving about faith, and virtuous dread,  
 And lightnings destin'd for each perjur'd head,  
 You hope the traitor (by your threats dismay'd)  
*Will* keep the promise, which he *can* evade ?

80

If such things were, 'twas sure ere Adam fell,  
 Or Eve lost Eden for a nonpareil !  
 But now a debt if some strange man should own,  
 When neither bond or witness prove the loan,  
 To mark an act so just, and truth so rare,  
 His marble form should grace some public square,  
 And his name blazon'd in the historic page,  
 Attest that one good man adorn'd our age.

For me, whene'er such acts of faith I hear,  
 Lost in amaze, and trusting scarce mine ear,  
 " Let all," I cry, " to view this wonder run,  
 " And Pidcock \* own his rarities outdone.

90

\* Keeper of the Exhibition at Exeter 'Change.

71. Intercepta decem quæreris festertia fraude  
Sacrilegâ? quid si bis centum perdidit alter  
Hoc arcana modo?

" Mourn, hapless Pidcock, mourn ! your reign is o'er ;

" In vain your eagles scream, and tigers roar ;

" The crowds, who erst to view your monsters ran,

" Now seek a rarer fight, an honest man !

" What drinks, what eats he ? for I ne'er can think,

" Like common mortals he can eat or drink.

" How speaks, how walks he ? ere I sleep to-night,

" On this rare creature I must feast my fight."

100

And when, at length, this wonder I behold,

Amaz'd to find him cast in human mould,

I'm vex'd that like ourselves on earth he treads,

And scarce believe he hasn't got two heads.

But say, Emilius, if a wrong thus flight

So wounds thy feelings and disgusts thy sight,

How wouldst thou rave, if Fraud's glib tongue had found

The means to 'reave thee of thy last poor pound ;

Or how support a friend's more guilty stealth,

When loss of freedom follows loss of wealth ?

110

Turn to yon prison ! list yon captive's tale,

Who rashly stood his smooth-tongu'd brother's bail :

75. Tam facile & pronum est superos contemnere testes,  
Si mortalis idem nemo sciat ! adspice, quanta  
Voce neget, quæ sit ficti constantia vultus ?

Pent in those walls, the wretch all hope resigns,  
Now wildly raves, and now dejected pines ;  
While his free life abroad the debtor spends,  
Enjoys new pleasure, and defrauds new friends.

EMILIUS.

Oh ! but *my* wretch so wondrous well deceiv'd,  
Suspicion's self had sure his faith believ'd !  
He swore such oaths ! . . . . .

THE AUTHOR.

He swore ! did that prevail,  
And wert thou blinded by a trick so stale ? 120  
Oaths now are trifles few refuse to take,  
Easy to form, and easier still to break  
Their perjur'd vows but few with horror scan ;  
But few fear heavenly wrath, if safe from man,  
Or shuddering think, their guilt that angels know,  
The secret sin a secret still below.  
Mark'd you, when late your cause in court was tried,  
And your false friend his lawful debt denied,  
One slight convulsion, or one transient blush  
Bid his lip quiver, or his forehead flush ? 130



84. Si vero & pater est : " Comedam," inquit, " flebile gnati  
Sinciput elixi."

86. Sunt in Fortunæ qui casibus omnia ponant,  
Et nullo credant mundum rectore moveri,  
Naturâ volvente vices & lucis, & anni,  
Atque ideo intrepidi quæcunque altaria tangunt.

Falter'd his tongue, when, lost all sacred fear,  
 On God he call'd to prove his words sincere ;  
 And wish'd, if just your charge, to curse his sin  
 Flames might consume himself and all his kin ?  
 No ! such his earnest air, and changeless face,  
 Each word, each look such candour seem'd to grace,  
 So firm his voice, so bold and clear his eye,  
 Yourself could scarce believe his tale a lye !

EMILIUS.

'Tis true ! 'tis true ! with horror struck I heard  
 The unblushing villain speak the damning word. 140  
 Gods ! how can man thus brave celestial ire,  
 While heaven has justice, and while hell has fire !

THE AUTHOR.

Alas ! my friend, an awful truth to tell,  
 There are, who scorn that heaven, and mock that hell.  
 In vain for these alternate seasons reign,  
 Spring robes the fields, and Autumn swells the grain ;  
 In vain the moon now gilds the brow of night,  
 And now the sun pours floods of glorious light :

90. Est alius metuens ne crimen poena sequatur.

Hic putat esse Deos, & pejerat, atque ita secum :

92. Decernat quodcumque volet de corpore nostro

Ifis, & irato feriat mea lumina fistro,

Dummodo vel coecus teneam, quos abnego, nummos.

“ ’Twas chance,” they cry, “ to those fair orbs gave birth,  
“ And chance alone with produce blest’d the earth !” 150

Then boldly on the sacred book they lay  
Their lips to swear some good man’s wealth away,  
And while his spoils their ravish’d eyes bewitch,  
Laugh at poor rogues, less impious and less rich.

Others, whom timid guilt forbids to climb  
Those dreadful heights where Atheists soar sublime,  
Own that a Power Supreme exists on high,  
But while they own a power, that power defy.  
To these the priest inspir’d describes in vain  
Each promis’d pleasure, and each threaten’d pain : 160  
Heaven’s future joys their notice scarce seem worth,  
Wealth in *this* world, their present heaven on earth,  
Nor fear they to deserve the Eternal’s curse,  
Hell bad, ’tis true, but want of money worse !

“ Let wrath divine,” thus Gripe in transport cries,  
“ Curse every limb, and quench my blasted eyes,  
“ If still harmonious sounds mine ears may drink,  
“ While in yon chest my counted guineas chink,

100. Ut fit magna, tamen certè lenta ira Deorum est.

102. ———— Sed & exorabile Numen

Fortasse experiar. Solet his ignoscere. Multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato.

Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema.

“ And still my palsied hands have power to hold,  
“ Close to my heart, this bag of darling gold ! 170  
“ What ! shall I fear, indignant Heaven to see  
“ Its magazine of plagues exhaust on me ?  
“ What ! shall I mourn the bargain made, if wealth  
“ I buy with loss of fame, and loss of health ?  
“ No, still with glad content my heart shall beat,  
“ Though tortures rack my hands, my eyes, my feet,  
“ If hoards of gold my bursting coffers fill,  
“ Gold, which can soothe each pang, each fear can still, }  
“ Comfort for every care, and balm for every ill !  
“ Yet why these fears ? Celestial wrath, we know, 180  
“ Though just, is merciful ; though fierce, is slow :  
“ Perhaps too, when arrives the avenging hour,  
“ Repentant prayers may calm Heaven’s angry power ;  
“ Nor always in the world’s vast book we find  
“ To equal sin an equal doom assigned.  
“ Here see with honours crown’d, there ’whelm’d with grief,  
“ The Indian spoiler, and the English thief ;  
“ And mark, what varying fates their plunders stop  
“ Who robb’d a nation, and who robb’d a shop.



“ Rascals alike, by Fortune’s wayward sport 190

“ One goes to Tyburn, t’other goes to Court ;

“ And while this rogue is doom’d in air to swing,

“ That for a peerage kneels to thank the King.”

The sophist’s fears thus calm’d, the legal war  
No more he dreads, but dauntless seeks the bar,

Arrives before you, wonders why you stay,

And cries—“ Sure conscience makes the wretch delay !”

Caught by his tranquil air and front of brows,

( Oft does for innocence assurance pass )

The judge declares your charge must groundless be, 200

Its malice blames, and sets the prisoner free ;

While you with fiercer rage assert your cause,

And term the judge corrupt, unjust the laws,

Than Sappho felt when Drury damn’d her work,

Or Gallia’s struggles rais’d in zealous Burke !

Yet now, Emilius, let my prayers assuage

Awhile this flood of grief, this storm of rage,

Nor scorn my counsel, though from one it flows,

Whose life few years, whose brain small judgment knows :



124. Curentur dubii Medicis majoribus ægri;  
Tu venam vel discipulo committe Philippi.

126. Si nullum in terris tam detestabile factum  
Ostendis, taceo, nec pugnis cedere pectus  
Te veto, nec planâ faciem contundere palmâ;  
Quandoquidem accepto claudenda est janua damno,  
Et majore domûs gemitu, majore tumultu  
Planguntur nummi, quàm funera.

*Your* lack of temper suits *my* lack of wit, 210

And boyish griefs with boyish counsels fit.

When amputation risks a patient's life,

Some skilful hand should guide the surgeon's knife;

But who to bleed him Farquhar need retain,

When the next barber's boy could breathe the vein?

Mark then!—If what you mourn, were *some* dire ill

No partner suffer'd, and no time could still;

If some strange curse, some plague to nature new,

On *you* had fall'n, and fall'n on none but you,

No word of mine should mock your publish'd pain, 220

Or strive to bind your wrath in reason's chain.

Who knows the human heart, must also know

How keen the pangs which make your sorrows flow:

Not with those sighs, which heave the nephew's heart,

Who sees his hoarding uncle's life depart;

Not with those tears, which custom bids be shed

By youthful widows for old husbands dead;

Grieve they, who dear departing wealth behold,

And mourn, not loss of friends, but loss of gold.

131. ————— Nemo dolorem :

Fingit in hoc casu, vestem diducere summam  
Contentus, vexare oculos humore coacto.  
Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

135. Sed si cuncta vides simili fora plena querelâ  
Ten' O Delicias extra communia censes  
Ponendum ; quia tu gallinæ filius albæ.

143. Rem pateris modicam, & mediocri bile ferendam,  
Si flectas oculos majora ad crimina.

157. Hæc quota pars scelerum, quæ custos Gallicus urbis  
Usque à Lucifero, donec lux occidat, audit ?  
Humani generis mores tibi nôsse volenti  
Sufficit una domus.

No forc'd affliction bids *their* sorrows rise ; 230

*They* need no onion to provoke their eyes ;

No !—Loft that idol most adored and dear,

Heart-felt despair, wild rage, and grief sincere

Burst in each bitter sigh, gush in each scalding tear. }

Yet sure, my friend, 'tis wrong, unusual rage

To feel at crimes so usual in this age,

Unless your lot by fate you hoped design'd

Free from all crosses common to mankind.

Alas ! ere beat your breast, ere rent your hair,

Weigh, what you bear yourself, what others bear. 240

No pangs are yours past man's, past Heaven's relief,

No mighty mischiefs move this mighty grief ;

Search but the world, then own your wrongs how small

Placed near those wrongs on other heads which fall.

Must I attest the fact ? To prove how Vice

Reigns sovereign *here*, one house can well suffice.

To Bow-street turn ! \* —

Ye giddy, gay, and proud,

Who swell great London's ever-bustling crowd,

\* The lines from the 247th to the 270th are by the Hon. William Lambe.



London, where all extremes together meet,  
Folly's chief throne, and Wisdom's gravest seat ; 250  
Where disagreements in agreement lie,  
Our close-knit mas of contrariety ;  
Where throng the rich and poor, the fool and knave,  
Where statesmen juggle, and where patriots rave ;  
Where balls for advocates prepare their work,  
And embryo law-suits in a whisper lurk ;  
Where Cupid pays in specie for his wiles,  
And judges frown whene'er a lady smiles ;  
Where equal farce continual sport affords  
At Covent-Garden, or the House of Lords ; 260  
Where beggars with feigned tears and ready smiles,  
Cringe to St. James, or blubber to St. Giles ;  
Ye who confusedly sail in motley trim  
Down this full flood of pleasure, business, whim,  
Whether you frame smooth, glib, and specious lies  
To cheat a tradesman, or to raise supplies,  
With private or with public misery sport,  
Cheats upon 'Change, or Parasites at Court,

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U.S.A.

Now pause awhile !—For one reflecting hour  
 Forego your hopes of gain, your dreams of power,        270  
 And hark, while tells the Muse what monstrous crimes,  
 What new-found sins reserv'd for our strange times,  
 Their hideous forms to Addington betray,  
 From morn's first languish to the death of day.  
 Here mark the thankless child, the unnatural fire,  
 The Pandar slave who lets his spouse for hire,  
 The adulterous friend, the trusted wanton wife,  
 The brother aiming at the brother's life,  
 The rake who cools in beauty's arms his heat,  
 Then lets her starve, or ply for bread the street,        280  
 And that dark train of foes to moral rules,  
 Thieves, Bawds, Assassins, Gamblers, Knaves, and Fools,  
 Fools, who would fain *be* knaves . . . . . No more I'll write,  
 Hence, odious forms, nor longer shock my sight !  
 Else by disgust and scorn to madness driven,  
 Bursting those chains which bind my soul to Heaven,  
 I shall disdain to breathe such tainted air,  
 Shall blush an human form like these to wear,





For present ease shall barter future bliss,  
 And sure no world can be more black than this,  
 Deep in my swelling heart shall plunge the knife,  
 And cry, while flies my soul from mortal strife,  
 "Heaven blest my father, though he gave me life!"

290

}

Cease, wild enthusiast! end thy angry tale,  
 O'er human frailties drop compassion's veil;  
 View them with grief, not rage, nor dare to scan  
 With censure too severe thy fellow-man!  
 Think, had no parent watch'd thy pliant youth,  
 Curb'd thy wild passions, turn'd thy steps to Truth,  
 And taught thee by her radiant light to know  
 That bliss is virtue, and that guilt is woe,  
 Spurning restraint, and scorn'd each sacred vow,  
 Haply thyself had been what these are now;  
 These, who by headstrong passions forc'd away,  
 Or pressing want, or strong example's sway,  
 Strangers to love of man, or fear of God,  
 But trod perhaps those paths their parents trod,  
 While ignorance led them to that whirlpool's brink,  
 Where long they struggled, and where now they sink!

300

174. Nullane perjuri capitis, fraudisque nefandæ  
Pœna erit? Abreptum crede hunc graviore catenâ  
Protinus, & nostro (quid plus velit ira?) necari

Oh ! ~~view~~ *their* lot, my foul, nor more repine 310  
 To bear those evils Fate has fix'd on mine ;  
 Content, though many a grief my bosom wrings,  
 If still that bosom owns no conscious stings,  
 If still I know for others wounds to feel,  
 With pity view them, and with pleasure heal,  
 And still those pangs which cause so keen a smart,  
 Nor sour my temper, nor deprave my heart.  
 Yes ! though by fate with heaviest sorrows curst,  
 From my pale lips no murmuring breath should burst,  
 If still my hand had power to raise the oppress'd, 320  
 And, though unblest myself, make others blest !

That power, Emilius, still is yours !—Then why  
 Thus pants your bosom, and thus flames your eye ?  
 Your gold, though lost .....

EMILIUS.

..... Nay, 'tis not gold which makes  
 This fury tear me ; but my bile it shakes,  
 That still my lawful suit in vain I urge,  
 And still yon caitiff mocks the avenging scourge !

177. Arbitrio. Manet illa tamen jactura, nec unquam  
Depositum tibi sospes erit. Sed corpore trunco  
Invidiosa dabit minimus solatia sanguis.

180. At vindicta bonum vitâ jucundius ipsa.

189. ————— Quippe minuti  
Semper & infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas,  
Ultio.

Could I but once his well-earn'd sufferings see! . . . .

THE AUTHOR.

And would his sufferings then bring wealth to thee?  
Would with his blood gold to thy coffers run, 330  
Or all his groans repay thee one pound one?

EMILIUS.

Not so; but vengeance . . . . .

THE AUTHOR.

. . . . . Hush!—To mention fear  
What thou must shame to speak, I shame to hear!  
Base minds alone delight in vengeance find,  
That low vile passion of a low vile mind!  
Oh! think, when summoned to the throne of Heaven,  
As thou forgav'st, so thou shalt be forgiven!  
And think, what pangs would rack each throbbing nerve,  
If God should judge us, as our faults deserve!  
Say, at this moment should the perjur'd wretch, 340  
Stung with remorse, his hands imploring stretch  
Tow'rds thee for pardon, while with tears and groans  
Thy foot he kisses, and his guilt he owns,

192. ————— Cur tamen hos tu  
Evasisse putes, quos diri conscia facti  
Mens habet attonitos, et furdo verbere cædit,  
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum?

Should that foot spurn him ? Would'st thou frown, and cry

“ Back, sinner, to the flames thou fain would'st fly !”

'Twere nobler far, thy thirst of vengeance o'er,

To bid the sinner rise, and sin no more ;

'Twere nobler far to play the Christian's part,

Aid struggling Conscience to secure his heart,

Confirm his faith, with hope inspire his breast, 350

And make him virtuous now, hereafter blest.

Then, when thou died'st, the transport thine would be

Proudly to boast—“ God owes a soul to me !”

But if revenge alone can please you, know,

E'en now, though law was blind, though justice flow,

More pangs he feels, his heart by conscience rent,

Than you could name, or mortal brain invent.

True, from his lips no 'plaints inform the crowd

What pains are his — deep are his groans, not loud \* ;

True, from his eyes no streams of anguish roll, 360

His burning tears fall inwards on his soul :

There brood thy vipers, Conscious Guilt, and dart

With ceaseless spite their fangs into his heart ;

\* “ Curses not loud, but deep.”      MACBETH.



197. Poena autem vehemens ac multò fævior illis  
Quas & Cæditius gravis invenit aut Rhadamanthus,  
Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.

211. Perpetua anxietas nec mensæ tempore cessat,  
Faucibus ut morbo ficcis, interque molares  
Difficili crescente cibo : sed vina misellus  
Exspuit.

There prints with bloodless stroke thy silent steel  
 Wounds, that no balm can ease, no time can heal !  
 Not all the pangs which Dante's visions swell,  
 No freezing limbo, and no fiery hell,  
 Surpass his torments, who still bears unblest  
 A self-accuser in his own sad breast.

Disgust, and ceaseless Care, and anxious Fear  
 Still share his bed, and at his board appear.

370

In vain his Cooks their various arts combine  
 Each dish to season, and each sauce refine ;  
 Champagne's rich grape in vain, to cheer his soul,  
 With brilliant bubbles fills his chrystal bowl :  
 The harpy Conscience pounces on her prey\*,  
 Tears from his hand the untasted food away,  
 And, ere the wine his pallid lips can pass,  
 Her gall-fraught tongue drops poison in his glass.

\* At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adfunt  
 Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,  
 Deripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia fœdant  
 Immundo.

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217. Nocte brevem si fortè indulfit cura soporem,  
Et toto versata toro jam membra quiescunt,  
Continuò templum, & violati Numinus aras,  
Et (quod præcipuis mentem sudoribus urget)  
Te videt in somnis. Tua sacra & major imago  
Humanâ turbat pavidum, cogitque fateri.

Next mark, my friend, his slumbers!—If Repose 380  
 Lifts to his suit, and bids his eye-lids close,  
 Mark what convulsions heave his martyr'd breast,  
 And frequent starts, and heart-drawn sighs attest, }  
 Though Nature grants him sleep, that Guilt denies him rest.  
 Now groans of tortur'd ghosts his ear affright ;  
 Now ghastly phantoms dance before his sight ;  
 And now he sees (and screams in frantic fear)  
 To size gigantic swell'd thy angry shade appear !  
 Swift at thy summons rush with hideous yell  
 Their prey to seize the Denizens of hell ! 390  
 Headlong they hurl him on some ice-rock's point,  
 Mangle each limb, and dislocate each joint ;  
 Or plunge him deep in blue sulphureous lakes ;  
 Or lash his quivering flesh with twisted snakes ;  
 Or in his brain their burning talons dart ;  
 Or from his bosom rend his panting heart  
 To bathe their fiery lips in guilty gore!—  
 Then starts he from his couch, while dews of horror pour }  
 Down his dank forehead—wrings his hands, and prays to }  
 sleep no more.

223. Hi sunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,  
Cum tonat, exanimes primo quoque murmure cœli;  
Non quasi fortuitus, nec ventorum rabie, fed,  
Iratus cadat in terras, & vindicet ignis.

227. Illa nihil nocuit, curâ graviore timetur  
Proxima tempestas; velut hoc dilata fereno.

229. Prætereà, lateris vigili cum febre dolorem  
Si cœpere pati, missum ad sua corpora morbum  
Infesto credunt à Numine; faxa Deorum

Hark ! the Storm-dæmon shrieks !—It thunders !—Lo ! 400  
 How pale his cheeks, how wild his eye-balls grow,  
 Heard the first murmur ; while he waits the crash,  
 And dreads to see the ethereal meteors flash.  
 No flock of clouds, he thinks, no casual hand  
 Rolls the red bolt, or darts th' avenging brand ;  
 'Tis Heaven's own voice in thunder bids him die,  
 And 'tis to blast him yon blue lightnings fly !  
 His fears were vain ; the storm disperses ;—true,  
 But who can answer what the next may do ?  
 Though now sweet nature sleeps, and skies are fair, 410  
 Soon gathering clouds again may gloom the air ;  
 Soon shafts divine, winged by celestial breath,  
 Again may glare ; and the next shaft brings death !  
 With ceaseless fears and conscious pangs oppressed  
 By day, by night unknown one hour of rest,  
 Wasted his limbs, his strength and spirits fled,  
 Disease now chains him on her thorny bed.  
 The couch in crowds though Galen's sons surround,  
 His dire complaints deride their skill profound ;

232. Hæc, & tela putant. Pecudem spondere facello  
Balantem & Laribus cristam promittere galli  
Non audent. Quid enim sperare nocentibus ægris  
Concessum ?

237. Cùm scelus admittunt, supereſt conſtantia : quid fas,  
Atque nefas, tandem incipiunt ſentire peractis

No med'cine brings relief, no pang is eas'd, 420  
 For who can medicine to a mind diseas'd\*?  
 Heaven's Lord alone!—" And shall I dare invoke  
 " With prayers that Power, whose holiest law I broke?  
 " In heaven still fresh my violated vow,  
 " Will angels heed my forced repentance now?  
 " Hence, idle thought! no prayers can now obtain  
 " Aid from insulted Heaven, and man's is vain!"  
 Thus cries the wretch, distraction in his eye,  
 Hopeless to live, yet unprepared to die;  
 By fear his soul, by pain his body vex,  
 By conscience tortured, and by doubt perplex,  
 Loathing this world, and shuddering at the next. } 430

Yet though his old offence thus brands with shame  
 His conscious forehead, and unmans his frame,

\* Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
 Cleanse the foul spirit of that perilous stuff  
 That weighs upon the heart? MACBETH.



239. Criminibus. Tamen ad mores natura recurrit:  
 Damnatos, fixa & mutari nefcia. Nam quis  
 Peccandi finem posuit sibi! quando recepit  
 Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?  
 Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno  
 Flagitio? Dabit in laqueum vestigia noster  
 Perfidus, & nigri patietur carceris uncum.

248. ————— Tandemque fatebere lætus  
 Nec furdum, nec Tiresiam quenquam esse Deorum.

When some new sin excites his impious zeal,  
 His heart is adamant, his nerves are steel :  
 Nor think, your perjur'd friend, reform'd by time,  
 Will bound his forfeits to this single crime.  
 The rose of innocence, once rent away,  
 No more shall grace his brow. And who can say, 440  
 " One step, and then no further ?"—This first sin  
 Crown'd with success, ere long his feet shall win  
 To loftier heights of vice, and urge his fate  
 From bad to worse, from little crimes to great,  
 Till his broad guilt for public vengeance calls,  
 And to the laws his life a victim falls.  
 Then shalt thou own (and blush at thy mistrust),  
 Crimes still are punish'd, and God still is just !  
 Here break we off!—Speed thou to Lombard-street,  
 Or plod the gambling 'Change with busy feet, 450  
 'Midst Bulls and Bears some false report to spread,  
 Of Prussia armed, or Buonaparte dead,  
 From specious lies an *honest* gain to draw,  
 And spoil some wretch in forms allowed by law ;

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More dupes to find, more knavish tricks to learn,  
And fooled thyself, fool others in thy turn :  
While I, sequestered in some favourite nook,  
Or guide the pencil, or explore the book,  
Blest, if still free from mad Ambition's dreams,  
Youth's vain rash hopes, and Interest's sordid schemes, 460  
I sometimes hear, to cheer my lonely hours,  
The Muse awake her lute's harmonious powers,  
And still can boast (when down life's vale I bend  
My steps, nor grieved, nor glad my days to end),  
A feeling heart, an open hand, content, and one true friend. }

F I N I S.

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